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BRITISH
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MUSEUM

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J. Wyatt del. et Sculp.

Ungrateſull Woman!—Was it neceſsary to add Murder to Ingratitude? Page 12.

THE HISTORY OF
EMMA,
OR THE
Victim of Depravity;
WHEREIN IS EXEMPLIFIED
THE
MISERABLE EFFECTS OF NOT CURBING
THE
PROPENSITIES OF OUR PASSIONS.

To which is added the

LIFE OF THE ABANDONED
Kitty Clark;
WHO, FROM A
MISTAKEN NOTION OF REVENGE,
LEFT HER UNCLE'S HOUSE,
and entered into a
Licentious Courſe of gay Living
with a
NOBLE LORD:

After whoſe Death ſhe underwent a *variety* of Scenes; and at length *died* an *object* of the utmoſt *Miſery*, and univerſal *Deteſtation*.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

EMMA;

OR THE

Victim of Depravity.

From "The Farmer of Inglewood Foreſt.

IN the Foreſt of *Inglewood*, reſided a very honeſt and worthy farmer. Father of a numerous family, he had the grief to behold two of them give way to the moſt abandoned courſe of life—a ſon *Edwin*, and his daughter *Emma*, the ſubject of the following memoirs. Remorſe for her paſt life at length brought her to a reſolution of forſaking her former vices. With this view, ſhe found means to return to her father's; where perceiving her diſſolution faſt approaching, ſhe wrote the following narrative, which ſhe conſigned to her brother *William*, with a ſolemn requeſt not to open it till after her deceaſe. That requeſt he religiouſly complied with. Having paid the great debt of nature, and her funeral over, *William* broke the ſeal, and read the following hiſtory:

"WHEN you read this, my beloved brother, I truſt I ſhall be conſigned to the ſilent grave, inſenſible of the ſhame that muſt otherways overwhelm me on having my crimes laid open. O, *William!* on you, at this awful moment, I particularly call, when my guilty ſoul is ſhuddering before its creator. Hear my requeſt; hate me not, my brother. Alas! I repent, and my ſin is ever before. Remember our days of happy infancy, when hand in hand we walked together. At a more advanced age you ſaved my life from the horrors of a watery grave. O, *William!* had I died then, how happy, what guilt had I been ſpared, what anguiſh would you have eſcaped! Oh! remember your joy as you bore me home unhurt to my parents; how fondly

you kiſſed my cheek as you gave me to my mother's arms. Remember all this, my brother, and do not curſe my memory.

I will now begin the narrative of ſhame. But, alas! my hand trembles, and my eyes are dim with tears. Unavailing ſorrow! thou art now too late. In the days of my deluſion my hand was ſteady, and my eyes ſparkled with the intoxication of vanity. You know with what eagerneſs I accompanied my brother *Edwin* to *London*, and the inſenſibility I ſhowed to my mother's grief at my departure, and the little reſpect I paid to my father's admonitions. I tore myſelf from their encircling arms; pleaſure appeared ready almoſt to give me wings to reach *London*. You, *William*, ſeemed hurt at my unfeeling conduct, and bade me farewell in a voice leſs tender than uſual; but I was deaf to all; and leaping into the chaiſe, ſoon wiped off the tears that had involuntarily eſcaped me.

On my arrival in town, all contributed toward my undoing. Dreſs, pleaſure, flattery, at once aſſailed my weak mind. *Whitmore*, whom my brother introduced to me on my arrival as his beloved friend, had the art to perſuade me he ſhould obtain a divorce from his wife, who had injured him by her infidelity; and as ſoon as he was free, he would marry me.

Alarmed at a quarrel he had with his wife's gallant, in an evil hour, forſaken of God, I conſented to accompany him, firmly perſuaded that in a ſhort time I ſhould be his wife. But in *France*, faſcinated by pleaſure and dreſs, I became his miſtreſs; and, by a natural degradation, was ſoon perfectly ſatisfied with my ſituation, having ſufficiently imbibed his ideas to pride myſelf in ſeeing how much he was devoted to me, uncompelled by religion or law; ſo that, when he afterward informed me how greatly a divorce muſt injure his fortune, I readily gave up the thought. In ſhort, my only ambition was to reign in his heart. I knew no happineſs but his affection, no wiſh beyond giving him pleaſure. All, however, was not calm within; my heart frequently reproached me, and I ſtifled reflection as much as poſſible. I ſometimes wept at the

remembrance of my friends, whom I regarded as given up for ever; for I could not bear the moſt diſtant idea of a meeting with thoſe, whoſe tenderneſs I had ſo ungratefully repaid.

We ſtaid ſome ſhort time at *Paris*, and from thence travelled to *Montpelier*; then returned again to *Paris*, and from thence to *Bruſſels*; where we met my brother, who, enraged at the diſhonour done his family, challenged the unhappy *Whitmore*, who loſt his life in the prime of his days.

A gentleman, of the name of *Hartford*, who attended *Whitmore* at the meeting with *Edwin*, endeavoured all in his power to ſerve me, or rather, to gratify himſelf, by plunging me yet deeper in error. He had, however, art enough to aſſume merely the appearance of friendſhip to beguile me, a trap that my youth and inexperience readily gave into; and to avoid my brother *Edwin*, I readily agreed to accompany him to *Holland*; from thence I was to embark for *England*. Naturally volatile, travelling ſoon overcame the bitterneſs of my ſorrow. *Hartford* was profuſe in his attentions and preſents, and plainly began to ſhow his views. My heart was cold to love, but not to pride. I deliberated; and the conſequence was, that I thought his protection preferable to humiliating myſelf before my family. In ſhort, in five months after *Whitmore*'s death, I became his miſtreſs.

All thoughts of *England* were now given up. I ſtrove to baniſh reflection; and, firm to the doctrines implanted by *Whitmore*, regarded the life I led as nothing more than acting according to reaſon and nature. The temper of *Hartford* was not diſſimilar to that of *Whitmore*; he loved ſhow and pleaſure, and ſpared no expence to gratify my taſte for dreſs; but he played deep, and without ſkill, and was frequently duped.

When I had been with him ſomewhat more than a twelvemonth, we agreed to paſs a winter at *Paris*, and ſoon reached that city. I was now quite inured to my ſituation. My appearance uſually procured me admiration; and I ſought no farther. Character I regarded

as a trifle below the conſideration of a woman of underſtanding and ſpirit. I muſt, however, confeſs that I dreaded to be alone, as a thouſand unpleaſant ideas were ſure to intrude; and even in dreams reſpecting my family, have I frequently awakened myſelf with violent paroxyſms of grief.

One evening, when *Hartford* had been in company with ſome *Engliſhmen*, where the play was more than commonly deep, he loſt conſiderably; doubled and trebled his bets; but was ſtill unſucceſsful. At length, in a fit of deſperation, he made a final throw for the ſhattered remains of his fortune, which was before this conſiderably impaired. The caſt was deciſive; and *Hartford* found himſelf in a moment deprived of all, his opponents receiving draughts and ſecurities for the whole he poſſeſſed.

On his return home, his appearance alarmed and ſhocked me. He threw himſelf on a chair, uttering an unconnected ſtring of curſes; and I believe, had not my ſcreams alarmed the domeſtics, he would have terminated his life even in my preſence. When he was rather more calm, I learned the extent of his loſs, and was not a little grieved to find it ſo heavy both on his account and my own; for, though I could not love him, his kindneſs and generoſity had attached me to him.

"*Emma*," ſaid he, "you are univerſally admired in *Paris*; and I cannot ſo greatly be your enemy as to wiſh you to ſuffer for my miſconduct. I would therefore adviſe, and indeed wiſh you, to accept the protection of ſome man of fortune, who might be able to more than repay you for the loſs of me. For my own part, I have no reſource but returning to *England*, where I believe I can make ſufficient intereſt to procure a commiſſion; but was I even to obtain that, muſt be obliged to my uncle, who has very rigid notions. I dare not take a female companion with me. I have about fifty pounds in my eſcrutoir, which we will divide; half that ſum will carry me thither; and perhaps with the remainder, and by the ſale of ſome of your

ſuperfluous appendages, you may be able to make yourſelf tolerably eaſy until ſome fortunate circumſtance occurs."

Proſtitution was not become ſo habitual to me, but my ſoul ſunk with horror at the idea of another change; and I know not what reſolution I might have formed, had not temptation, which my accurſed vanity could not withſtand, again fallen in my way. I wiſhed to aſſiſt *Hartford*, for I could not bear the idea that he ſhould go to *England* ſo ſlenderly provided. I therefore, two days before his intended departure, went in the hired carriage, which we had not yet diſcharged, to a jeweller's, and informed him, that having a new necklace and ear-rings ſetting, I wiſhed to part with thoſe I ſhowed him. While we were bargaining a carriage ſtopped, and an elderly gentleman ſtepped out to give ſome orders. He viewed me attentively; and I ſoon recollected him for a financier, whom I had frequently ſeen at different public places, and whoſe name was *De Forlaix*. As I did not chuſe to continue my buſineſs before a third perſon, I left the jewels, and deſired the man to let me hear his determination on the day following, the financier very politely leading me to my carriage.

Hartford's loſs was ſo conſiderable, that it had been much talked off; and in conſequence reached the ears of *De Forlaix*; who, on the jeweller's informing him of my buſineſs, readily ſurmiſed the truth, and took his meaſures accordingly.

The jeweller called on me in the evening; and having agreed for the jewels, he reſpectfully took his leave, hoping, as he expreſſed himſelf, that they were not going to loſe the fineſt woman in *Paris*. Compliments, however groſs, were always pleaſing to my depraved heart. I therefore complaiſantly replied, that I ſhould, at leaſt, remain ſome time longer in that city.

Having forced *Hartford* to take about ſeventy pounds, we ſeparated with concern on both ſides, but without anguiſh; for as I had never loved him, my greateſt affliction was how I ſhould afterward diſpoſe of myſelf.

Sometimes I thought of parting with all my ſuperfluities, of returning to *England*, and learning ſome buſineſs, by which I might obtain a livelihood; but I had been too long accuſtomed to idleneſs and diſſipation, to form a determined reſolution on the ſubject; though I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to ſay, I believe I ſhould have adopted it, had not, as I before ſaid, temptation again beguiled me; as I regarded ſuch a ſtep as a kind of preliminary to a reconciliation with my friends.

On the morning after *Hartford*'s departure, my ſervant informed me a gentleman requeſted to ſpeak with me on buſineſs. Having admitted him, I was not a little ſurpriſed to find it was *De Forlaix*. "Madam," ſaid he, "I have done myſelf the honour of waiting on you with the new jewels that you expected ſome days ſince. I hope they will meet your approbation; if not, any alteration ſhall be made that you can wiſh."

"New jewels!" replied I, with aſtoniſhment, "I expected none; nor can I judge from whence ſuch a miſtake proceeded."

"Pardon me, madam, it is no miſtake. Did you not ſay ſome days paſt to the jeweller, where I had the honour of ſeeing you, that you had a new necklace and ear-rings ſetting?"

"It is true I ſaid ſo," anſwered I, ſomewhat confuſed at my duplicity being diſcovered; "but thoſe are not what I expected."

"Indeed but they are," replied he; "for I have the jeweller's receipt in your own name for them; and you would hardly have paid four hundred louis for what you did not approve."

He then placed the jewels and receipt, which was in the name of *Hartford*, before me, adding, "he has alſo commiſſioned me to return your own jewels, as they do not ſuit him; and there is likewiſe an acknowledgment for the two hundred which he advanced for them, and which you cannot deny to have repaid, as I know to the contrary, being your agent in the buſineſs. I have only to add, that if you have any more commiſſions to execute, you ſee before you the moſt at-

tentive of your ſervants, who will think himſelf honoured in obeying your commands."

De Forlaix's intentions were too manifeſt to be miſtaken. I however, for the preſent, declined accepting his jewels; but he was too profuſe and aſſiduous to be long denied by a woman ſo naturally depraved; in fine, a ſhort month beheld me transferred to a third keeper.

De Forlaix knew no bounds, either in his affection or generoſity toward me. He had a wife; but that circumſtance I was too vile to make an objection to; and as I had an ample allowance, and was inferior to no kept woman in *Paris* for ſplendor, gave myſelf no concern on any other ſubject.

I had lived in this ſtate for near ſix years; when one evening in the public walks, I contracted an acquaintance with an *Engliſh* adventurer, of the name of *Davis*. He was about my own age, handſome and accompliſhed, but diſſipated and thoughtleſs, having, in the preceding ſeven years, expended a reſpectable property. For this man I conceived a moſt violent affection; and regardleſs of the kindneſs of *De Forlaix*, proſtituted my perſon without any former incentives, for I had no wiſh for grandeur or dreſs unſatisfied; it was therefore depravity, and the ſatisfaction of unbridled paſſion, that alone led me to this freſh vice.

Some ſhort time, previous to my forming an acquaintance with *Davis*, I became pregnant—a circumſtance that gave the utmoſt pleaſure to *De Forlaix*, who had no children; but it was not powerful enough to reſtrain me from forming a deteſted intimacy with a ſtranger. About two months after this new connexion, madame *De Forlaix* died ſuddenly; and ſome time after, my ſituation being then viſible, M. *De Forlaix*, as nearly as I can recollect, thus addreſſed me: "Your conduct, my dear *Emma*, during an intimacy of more than ſix years, has been all I could wiſh; and your preſent ſituation adds to my affection. I therefore propoſe, when a decent time has elapſed, to make you my wife. I am rich enough to defy cenſure. We will retire to one of my country ſeats; where I truſt

you will, by the bleſſing of God, in due time, make me a happy father."

The generoſity of this offer overcame me, and conſcious unworthineſs made me unable for ſome moments to reply; but *De Forlaix* reſuming the converſation, ſaid, "You do not anſwer me, *Emma*. You change colour. Surely my propoſal does not meet your diſpleaſure!"

"Diſpleaſure!" cried I, at length, "alas! how is that poſſible? But you do not conſider what you ſay. My former life, before I became acquainted with you, I have openly revealed; and can you be generous enough to make ſuch a woman your wife?"

"I can," replied he; "for a woman, who has behaved as you have done for ſix years, I can venture to truſt through life; beſides, our marriage will legitimate my child, who will by that means become heir to my fortune. Your former miſconduct ſhall be entirely forgotten. I regard your firſt deviation as an error of youth; the ſecond occaſioned by neceſſity, and but the effect of the firſt; in which point of view I alſo conſider your complying with my propoſals at the beginning of our acquaintance. You have frequently lamented being eſtranged from your family. This ſtep, I flatter myſelf, may conciliate them. We will ſend them a certificate of our marriage; and ſome months hence, perhaps I may take you to *England*, for they will hardly refuſe you their forgiveneſs when they find you ſo advantageouſly married."

The compunction for my falſhood to ſo generous a man was too powerful to ſuffer me to thank him as I ought; but he was too partial to me to attribute my emotion to the right cauſe; and repeating his determined reſolution, he left me.

I was no ſooner alone than I began to reflect on what had paſſed. The advantages I muſt unavoidably reap from a marriage with *De Forlaix*, I was by no means blind to. It would at once give me reſpectability with the world, at leaſt where my former life was unknown. I ſhould be ſure of a competency; my child of a good

fortune; and, what had alſo its weight with me, perhaps in time I might preſume to hope for a reconciliation with my friends. My affection for *Davis* was ſome impediment to this ſcheme, but not violent enough to influence me to decline it; for *De Forlaix* was moſt indubitably the father of my child, as I was pregnant two months before I became acquainted with *Davis*. I therefore determined to inform him of *De Forlaix*'s generous offer, and in future decline all acquaintance with him; for abandoned as I was, I could not endure the thought of ſo groſsly abuſing his kindneſs; and bitterly reproached myſelf with my former miſconduct.

Thus determined, I wrote to *Davis*, declaring my reſolution, and entreating him to give up all future thoughts of me; expreſſing, however, the pain this effort coſt me. *Davis* was of a diſpoſition not eaſily to be repulſed. He replied, that if I was determined, he muſt perforce ſubmit; but that he was reſolved to ſee me at all events once more; and therefore warmly preſſed me to meet him at his own lodgings, where, ſhame to ſay, I had frequently been before.

Had my intentions been really virtuous, I ſhould have anſwered this letter with a poſitive denial, confeſſed my unworthineſs to *De Forlaix*, and have thrown myſelf and expected infant on his mercy; but not ſo did I act. The meaſure of my iniquities was not complete, and the ſword of vengeance trembled over my guilty head. For ſome time I wavered; but at length concluded that one more meeting could make little difference, as I wiſhed to part amicably with a man whom I perſuaded myſelf I loved. I therefore returned him an anſwer by my own ſervant, who well knew letters had frequently paſſed between us, and agreed to ſee him on the following evening, provided he would promiſe to require no future interview. To this he acquieſced; and in an hour fated for the commencement of my earthly puniſhment, I repaired alone to his lodgings, little aware that the treachery of my maid had that very day revealed the whole correſpondence to *De Forlaix*. My own conduct had taught her diſſimulation

and ingratitude. Could I then wonder that ſhe followed my example? *Davis* lived at about the diſtance of a mile from *Paris*, in a houſe ſituated in a garden belonging to a widow woman, who, with his ſervant, compoſed the whole family.

The fatal night of this meeting *Davis* had ſent his man out on buſineſs, ſo that the woman alone remained below. I had ſcarcely been there five minutes before a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the moment after, to my inexpreſſible confuſion, the voice of *De Forlaix*, who exclaimed in anſwer, as I ſuppoſe, to the woman, who had denied my being there, "It is falſe, I ſaw her enter, deny it at your peril." Theſe words were ſcarcely articulated when we heard his ſteps on the ſtairs, and a moment brought him to the door, which was only ſecured by a ſlight and crazy lock. There was no time for reflection, nor was I capable of any; for, overpowered with ſhame and confuſion, I had ſunk into a chair, and concealed my face with my hands. *Davis*, in the mean time, had ſnatched up a piſtol, the report of which, and the forcing the door, were both inſtantaneous, and filled me with deſpair and horror; for ſtarting from my ſeat, the firſt object that preſented itſelf was *De Forlaix* on the ground weltering in blood. "Ungrateful woman!" exclaimed he, in a faint voice, "is this the return for my partiality and unbounded affection? Was it neceſſary to add murder to ingratitude? Weak deluded wretch that I was, I could not believe the evidence of your confidential ſervant. Alas! conviction has coſt me dear; the hand of death is on me."

Exhauſted by the loſs of blood, he fainted as he uttered the laſt word; when, thinking he had expired, I entirely loſt all knowledge, and ſunk from the arm of *Davis* ſenſeleſs to the ground. In this ſituation he carried me into the next apartment. Seating me on a chair, he returned to the chamber where *De Forlaix* ſtill remained on the ground, and the woman of the houſe weeping and wringing her hands over him, exclaiming ſhe was ruined for ever, and ſhould ſuffer the dreadful

puniſhment of the rack as being deemed a principal in the murder.

Davis, as he afterward informed me, laid *De Forlaix* on the bed, bound up the wound which was in the ſhoulder; and when he came to himſelf, aſſured him he ſhould have immediate aſſiſtance; then left him alone with the woman, ſecuring both by bolting the door of a paſſage that ſeparated that apartment from the reſt; he then returned to me, who was juſt recovered from my ſwoon.

"*Emma*," ſaid he, in great agitation, "we have no time to loſe. *De Forlaix*, I fear, is dying. I have ſecured him and the woman, at leaſt for ſome time; for the houſe is too diſtant from the public road for them to give a ſpeedy alarm. The preſent moment is therefore ours, and perhaps all that is left us to eſcape; for certain death awaits us if we remain. Let us fly then. My ſervant will return in an hour at fartheſt, and procure aſſiſtance, if *De Forlaix* ſtill ſurvives. Nay, do not heſitate. We may now eſcape; but the leaſt delay will render it impoſſible."

"I will not go," replied I. "Unhappy wretch that I am, I am ſtill no murderer."

"In this caſe," anſwered he, "you will be equally involved. I therefore again entreat you to fly. Say, can you calmly reſolve to ſtay, and bear the torture?"

"O, heavens!" exclaimed I, "I dare not. I will indeed fly. But whither, without friends or money, can I go?"

"To *Flanders*," replied he. "I myſelf am but indifferently provided; however, at all events, life is worth preſerving."

More converſation paſſed; but the diſtraction of the moment prevents my recalling it to memory. I only recollect that I obliged *Davis*, before I would leave the houſe, to go again to *De Forlaix*, whom he found much in the ſame ſtate he had left him, except that his binding the wound had ſtopped the blood. He then again ſecured him with the woman; and taking my trembling hand, we left the houſe together, our whole

property consisting in about fifty louis d'ors, which we had in our separate pockets.

We travelled night and day until we passed the frontiers, and even then only staid until we could get safely to *England*, where we arrived almost without clothes or money.

It was now that *Davis* began to show himself in his true colours. Too indolent to exert himself for his own support or mine, he urged me to prostitute myself for both. I had, however, sufficient spirit to resent this proposal in the highest terms; but it completed the disgust I had for some time entertained for the man whom I regarded as the author of all my misfortunes.

The benefits of *De Forlaix* now returned with redoubled force to my memory; being deprived of them, enhanced their value. I saw myself also on the point of becoming a mother to an infant who would be bound to curse me, as its birth must now be infamous; whereas, but for my vice and folly, its mother's shame would have been concealed under the name of a respectable father, and itself heir to a considerable fortune; while now, on the contrary, I dreaded its birth, lest it should share, or perhaps increase, my own miseries.

Davis, finding his endeavours ineffectual to reduce me to his infamous intentions, even treated me with brutality, and one evening so far forgot himself as to give me repeated blows. Stung to madness by this insult, my rage knew no bounds. I cursed him and myself; and calling him by every epithet that passion could dictate, rushed out of the sorry apartment where we lodged, leaving him doubtless very glad to be rid of me.

Behold me now a wanderer in the streets of *London*, without money, or even a place to rest my head! Suicide was my resolve; and inquiring the road to a village I had heard named, had no doubt but in the way thither I should meet with some piece of water, where I at least might terminate my earthly woes; for the reflection of what might happen hereafter never obtruded on my imagination.

Heaven, however, saved me from that crime. I

wandered about the fields in vain, and found only ditches or ſtagnate pools too ſhallow for my purpoſe. At length, exhauſted by fatigue, I ſunk under a hay-ſtack in a paroxyſm of deſpair, where I ſought my pockets for ſome inſtrument of death, but found neither knife nor ſciſſars. Tears were now my only refuge. I wept until, like a wearied child, I fell aſleep, my late pampered body expoſed to the night wind, and my only canopy the ſpacious bleſſed firmament. I awoke at day-break, my ſpirits not only recruited by reſt, but alſo the idea of ſuicide much weakened. I ſat for ſome time pauſing what method I ſhould purſue, but could fix on none determinedly; for poor, friendleſs, and pregnant, the proſpect was cold and drear before me. All application to my friends, however, I was now more firmly than ever determined againſt, both on account of my poverty and ſituation.

"I will walk," ſaid I, "through this great and buſy city to-day, and revolve on future proſpects. Some lucky thought may, perhaps, occur. If not, I can but again reſt here, or adopt the determination of yeſterday. Oh, *Inglewood! Inglewood!* happy place of my nativity, why did I ever leave thee! Thou hadſt no grandeur to beſtow; but thou hadſt content; no riches, but peace and an unblemiſhed conſcience; no pleaſures that leave a ſting behind; no pangs of remorſe, ſuch as I now feel."

The riſing of the ſun, and the cheerful matins of the lark, I had long been a ſtranger to. "Ah!" cried I, "I once celebrated the return of morn as cheerfully as ye do; but, dead to happineſs, the glorious ſun has now no charms for me."

I advanced toward *London*, ruminating on my melancholy ſituation; for the clothes I had on, and a few halfpence, were all I poſſeſſed. I had ſome few articles of raiment at *Davis*'s lodgings; but thoſe I determined never to claim, as it could not be done without again ſeeing the man whom I now deteſted.

After I had wandered ſome hours I began to experience the cravings of hunger; and again the idea of

ſelf-deſtruction came ſtrong into my fancy; when paſſing a ſhop, containing a variety of articles, I was ſtruck with theſe words—"Money lent on pledges." This immediately gave riſe to a thought that I before had no idea of. I had in my pocket-book a miniature of *Whitmore*, ſet with brilliants, which I had for ſome years always carried about me; and this for two reaſons, the firſt of which was, that he was particularly dear to me; and the ſecond, that the picture being once ſeen by *De Forlaix*, he had appeared diſſatisfied that I preſerved ſo faithfully the remembrance of another man. From this period I had conſtantly kept it carefully concealed; nor had *Davis* ever ſeen it, or he had doubtleſs deprived me of it, as he had before done of my watch. Drawing it therefore from my pocket-book, with a heavy heart and tottering frame, I entered the ſhop; and preſenting it to the man behind the counter, requeſted him to favour me with the utmoſt ſum he could advance on it.

The fellow having viewed me with an impudent ſtare, doubtleſs taking me for a woman of the town, exclaimed, "A deviliſh handſome fellow, egad! You have been crying, I ſee. One of your old favourites, I ſuppoſe. Well, never mind. He will be perfectly ſafe here. Worſe luck now, better another time. Drink a glaſs, and keep up your ſpirits. You are too fine a woman not to have plenty of buſineſs."

Humiliated as I was, I however replied tartly to this inſult; and the man, after a number of preliminaries, lent me the ſum of ten pounds, declaring he could not advance a ſhilling more. With this I departed comparatively happy to what I was before, determined to provide ſome food immediately, and a lodging before night.

Having ſatisfied my appetite, I walked in purſuit of an apartment, and ſoon found one ſuited to my circumſtances, being only three ſhillings per week, and in the houſe of a widow who kept a ſhop. I here purchaſed a change of raiment, and likewiſe ſome of the cheapeſt things I could procure for my expected child;

for every trifle I expended made me tremble for the future. One day that I had been out to buy a loaf, turning haſtily round the corner of a ſtreet, to my great ſurpriſe I encountered *Hartford* in regimentals. He expreſſed at once pleaſure and pain in ſeeing me, the diſtreſs I had undergone being viſible both in my perſon and habiliments. He informed me that his uncle, with ſome difficulty, had procured him a commiſſion on his arrival in *England*, which was all he had now to truſt to, and that he was, in the courſe of a few days, to embark for the *Weſt-Indies*, where his regiment was ordered; deſired to know my addreſs, and promiſed to call on me the enſuing morning.

Hartford was true to his appointment; and I related all that had befallen me, without equivocation. He expreſſed much concern at my misfortunes, as alſo at his inability to aſſiſt me as he wiſhed; but before he took his leave, being to depart on the morrow, preſented me with a bank note for twenty pounds.

In about a month after this I was ſeized with the pangs of labour, and delivered of a lovely girl. O, God! the cruel remembrance yet wrings my heart. With what anguiſh did I weep over her! With what bitterneſs did I accuſe myſelf, deprecating my folly and vice, that had ruined her even before ſhe ſaw the light. She was now all the world to me; and nurſing her at my boſom, I appeared to live for her alone.

By the ſtricteſt economy, my money laſted ſeven months; at which time my babe was uncommonly ſtrong for her age. It was now that poverty appeared with redoubled horror, as the ſlender diet I could obtain likewiſe deprived her of her proper nutriment. I can truly affirm, that I had no intention to return to a life of proſtitution, but rather thought of gaining a livelihood, if poſſible, by induſtry; and therefore inquired of my landlady repeatedly whether ſhe could not procure me any needle-work.

Her endeavours had been, until the period before mentioned, unavailing; when one morning ſhe informed me that ſome ladies, who lived fronting us, had inquired

for a ſempſtreſs; and deſired me to apply. Taking the infant in my arms, I went immediately; and was introduced to an old lady and two young ones, who received me very politely; but I was not ſuch a novice but I could immediately diſcover that they were women of looſe character. They admired my child, and paid me many compliments on my own perſon, the old woman particularly inquiring my age; and on my anſwering I was in my thirtieth year, appeared not to credit me, ſaying that I did not appear more than twenty-two. In ſhort, they kept me all day; and before we parted, the old woman had propoſed to take me into her ſociety, and furniſh me with whatever was neceſſary.

I gave no immediate reply to this offer, being determined to try what I could earn by my work; but at a week's end found it ſo little, that I began to deliberate on the ſubject; and going home the ſame evening with what I had been entruſted, found the old woman in earneſt converſation with a man elegantly dreſſed, but who bore the appearance of an emaciated debauchee. He greatly admired my infant, paid me many extravagant compliments; and finally, preſented me with a note for fifty pounds—a temptation which my poverty could not reſiſt; and I promiſed to ſup there the following evening.

Accurſed promiſe! Would I had periſhed before I pronounced it, or would to God my infant had been nouriſhed with my blood before I conſented to ſupport her at ſuch a price! Oh! cruel, deadly, horrid! my brain burns, and I muſt lay down my pen. I will go and pray; but will heaven hear the contrition of ſuch a wretch as the abandoned *Emma?*

I reſume my pen. I will probe this guilty heart by the recapitulation. I will relate how I murdered my infant, the ſmiling angel, to whom I, infernal proſtitute! adminiſtered poiſon in the ſalutary form of milk. Enabled by the preſent I had received, I dreſſed myſelf with more care than I had done for many months, and repaired to the old woman, where I found the wretch

I had ſeen the day before, and who received me with peculiar pleaſure. In ſhort, temptation again fell in my way, and I purchaſed a hundred pounds at the expence of what was a thouſand times dearer to me than the vital blood that warmed my heart. The old woman could not now bear me to leave her. My child alſo was the darling of the whole ſet, and all was riot, which they called pleaſure, for three days; when I began to find my health uncommonly diſordered, as well as that of my child, and ſoon diſcovered that her pure blood was contaminated as well as my own, in conſequence of the acquaintance I had ſo lately formed. I cannot proceed. I have in vain tried to deſcribe the agonies my cherub ſuffered, until her once clear and tranſparent complexion was changed to the deadly hue of ſaffron. Suffice it, ſhe died, and left me the moſt unhappy, moſt curſed—O, my head! my heart! pardon me. The recollection even yet diſorders my brain.

I was mad for ſix months after her death; in which ſtate medicines were forced down my throat that reſtored my bodily health; but my ſenſes were long imperfect; during which period, I can only remember I was frequently cruelly, and even brutally treated.

When I regained my underſtanding, for the firſt time in my life, I ſtifled reflection by the uſe of ſpirituous liquors; for the old wretch had made me conſiderably her debtor, and now commanded my obedience to all her infamous demands. In ſhort, I became regardleſs, and hardened to whatever befel me. I had been in this ſituation about four years, when one evening at the play, caſting my eyes around, I diſcovered you, my brother *William*, who was ſo little changed that I inſtantly recollected you; and ſeeing that you alſo apparently knew me, determined to fly you; for, degraded as I was, how could I bear your preſence? My father I had no doubt muſt be dead, and reproaches and hate were all I could expect.

For ſix months after I ſaw you, I never left the houſe, ſo fearful was I of meeting with you; nay, I believe I could have preferred inſtant death to ſtanding

in your preſence, ſo truly ſenſible was I of my own ſhame and unworthineſs. At length, driven by the repeated threats of the old woman, whoſe ſlave I completely was, I again ventured abroad, and in St. *James's Park*, by chance met with the ſervant whom *Davis* in his flight left at *Paris*.

We recollected each other inſtantly; nor was I diſpleaſed at this rencontre, as I had ever ardently wiſhed to learn the termination of a buſineſs to which I owed my final ruin. I therefore entreated him, after common inquiries had paſſed, to gratify my curioſity on the ſubject.

"You may ſuppoſe," anſwered the man, "that I was greatly ſurpriſed, on my return home, to find the doors faſt, and to learn what had happened from the window where the woman of the houſe ſtood watching for me, requeſting me to climb to one of the lower caſements and releaſe her. I immediately did ſo; and then fetched aſſiſtance to *De Forlaix*, whoſe wound, though ſevere, was not found dangerous; for in ſix weeks it was completely healed."

"Bleſſings attend you for that intelligence!" exclaimed I, interrupting him, in a tranſport of pleaſure, "you have moved one mountain of guilt from my ſurcharged boſom; but proceed; I am all attention."

"On his recovery, he cauſed diligent ſearch to be made after you; and ſoon learned your deſtination, and how you was accompanied. This intelligence appeared to grieve him; and he retired to his ſeat in *Picardy*, where he died about five months ſince. But before I proceed, tell me, madam, whether the infant you was pregnant with be living."

"No," replied I, with aſtoniſhment at the queſtion; "it is dead, and with it all that could make life bearable to me."

"I am ſorry for it," reſumed the man. "You doubtleſs are unacquainted that M. *De Forlaix* had left it, on being properly authenticated, a handſome fortune, whether boy or girl, and to the guardianſhip of his brother."

"Generous, noble *De Forlaix*, what a viper didſt thou foſter in thy boſom! But proceed, ſir," continued I, in deſpair. "I poiſoned my child, the darling of my heart. But go on; let me hear all."

The man looked ſhocked; he doubtleſs thought me diſtracted. "I have nothing more to add," continued he; "nor ſhould I have known ſo much, but that having no money to bring me to *England*, I procured a ſervice in *Paris*; where I have remained till lately; for Mr. *Davis* owed me a year's wages when you went away, and his clothes were ſtopped for arrears by the landlady."

This intelligence diſordered me too much to hold more converſation. I therefore ſoon after bade the man farewell. On my return home I gave way to the anguiſh of my heart; and from that time ſunk into a gloom that nothing could overcome. Threats of being thrown into priſon I diſregarded, and grew daily more callous to ill uſage, which the old woman was by no means wanting of. Liquor alone now reduced me to her purpoſes; and this was not ſpared; for though no longer young, I was a favourite in the houſe, my underſtanding being rather more cultivated than that of my companions, and likewiſe from ſome acquirements I had obtained.

One night, about eight months ſince, ſhe preſſed me ſo very earneſtly, that I conſented to go to a maſquerade with two unhappy girls who were lately become inmates of our houſe. During the amuſement I ſat wrapped in my uſual gloom; and at an early hour retired home, leaving my companions engaged in riotous parties.

I expected to be reproved for my haſte; but, on the contrary, the old wretch expreſſed her ſatisfaction, informing me that a gentleman, who frequented the houſe, had been there that evening, and introduced one of his friends, a man of conſiderable fortune, but who was ſo much in liquor that he was obliged to be put to bed, concluding by deſiring me to take my place by his ſide. I had drank a great deal of wine at the

maſquerade; and made no objection, but prepared to act as ſhe deſired, by taking a candle and going to the apartment.

The ſtranger, by his breathing, appeared completely intoxicated, and to ſleep uneaſily. I therefore determined to undreſs myſelf as quietly as poſſible, as I wiſhed him not to awake; for though vice was become habitual, yet it was hateful to me ſince the death of my child. An uncommon heavineſs and dread alſo hung on my ſpirits, and the ſcenes of my youth dwelt ſtrongly on my imagination. Determined to baniſh remembrance, I went to my cloſet, and drank a glaſs of ſpirits; when a whim ſeized me to look at my companion. I therefore took the candle, and opened the curtains. His arm was thrown over his face, ſo that little of it was diſcernible; but the light cauſing him to move, I haſtily ſnatched it back; when perceiving he was again perfectly ſtill, I ſeated myſelf on a ſofa at the farther end of the apartment.

I had accuſtomed myſelf to give way as little as poſſible to reflection; but this night it involuntarily ſtole upon me. "Ah!" ſighed I mentally, "accurſed be the hour that firſt I ſaw the light; born to plunge my parents in diſhonour, and an untimely grave; to deſtroy my beauteous ſmiling infant, yet to live myſelf, though daily involved in freſh crimes, abhorred by the virtuous, ſcorned even by my partners in vice, hateful to myſelf, and abandoned of God! Horrid retroſpection! When will this ſcene of depravity end? When will my eyes cloſe in everlaſting forgetfulneſs?"

A dread of futurity at that moment ſuddenly flaſhed on my fancy, and made me ſhudder; but determined to ſhake it off, I ſtarted up, and had recourſe to a ſecond glaſs of ſpirits to deaden the pangs of conſcience. Powerful as was this ſoporific, it did not immediately take effect. I reſeated myſelf on the ſofa; and for ſome time remained loſt in thought, until the liquor I had drank overcame me; when I dropped aſleep, my head reſting on the back of the couch. My eyes were no ſooner cloſed than either the thoughts that had em-

ployed me waking, or the immediate providence of heaven, interpoſed to ſnatch me from deſtruction, to ſave me from a crime againſt which nature revolts, and what muſt have plunged me in yet tenfold guilt.

In my ſleep, which was uncommonly heavy, I dreamed that *Whitmore*, *Hartford*, *De Forlaix*, *Davis*, and ſeveral other men were purſuing and driving me with ſwords and other inſtruments of torture, through a narrow and thorny road, until I reached the top of a prodigious mountain, where there ſtood a monſter ſo horrible, that in ſpite of all their weapons I ſtarted back; but the beaſt advancing toward me, and finding no reſource, methought I leaped the tremendous ſteep, where I muſt have been infallibly daſhed to pieces, had not my mother caught me in her arms, ſaying, "Miſerable wretch! Is it not enough that you have plunged me into the grave? But you muſt recall me again to earth, to ſnatch you from deſtruction."

The alarm occaſioned by this dream made me cry out aloud in my ſleep; which diſturbed the ſtranger, who jumped out of bed, aſking what was the matter. This totally awakened me, though I could not for ſome moments reply; but ſitting up, I endeavoured to recover from my terror, relieving my overcharged heart by a flood of tears, and at laſt exclaiming, "Ah! No. It is indeed too late. Should thou even, oh bleſſed ſpirit! be permitted to return to earth, thou couldſt not now ſnatch the devoted *Emma* from deſtruction. The doom is paſſed; and my torments here are but preludes of thoſe to come."

The ſtranger replied by a loud and tremendous oath; and ſnatching up the light which was burning on the table, preſented it full in my face, he at once diſcovering the wretched *Emma*; and I, the abandoned *Edwin!*

O, God! What were my ſenſations at that moment! *Edwin*, as well as myſelf, was unable to articulate a word, but remained for ſome time with his eyes fixed on me with an expreſſion of horror, for aſtoniſhment had overcome the fumes of wine. Like myſelf, I truſt, he felt the hand of heaven upon us, and reſolved to tempt deſtruction no farther. But, alas! if he felt contrition, his expreſſion of that ſentiment was very different from what I experienced; for being in ſome meaſure recovered

from his firſt ſurpriſe, his rage knew no bounds. Never, depraved as were the company I was accuſtomed to, did I ever before hear ſuch dreadful and tremendous execrations, juſtly however upbraiding me with my infamy; and finally dreſſing himſelf, he haſtily ruſhed from the houſe, before the anguiſh and horror, occaſioned by the foregoing ſcene, had left me ſufficiently able to reply by aught but tears.

Midnight brawls were too common in this deteſtable houſe for this to be noticed. I paſſed the remainder of the night alone, and, for the firſt time for many years, threw myſelf on my knees, thanking my creator that he had, amid my numberleſs tranſgreſſions, at leaſt ſaved me from ſo deadly a ſcene as that, whoſe very name chilled my blood with horror.

I remained in this poſture until day; and during that time formed the determined reſolution to brave the worſt that could befal me, rather than have recourſe to my uſual way of life. My ſpirits were, however, overpowered with the ſhock they had received. I found my head giddy, my throat parched with drought, and by noon was in a burning fever, which for near a month baffled the power of medicine; and which, when even vanquiſhed, left me in a ſtate of melancholy that frequently impaired my ſenſes.

I had never failed, in my lucid intervals, informing my abandoned hoſteſs of my reſolution of embracing death rather than returning to my former vices; but ſhe regarded this merely as the effect of ſickneſs, and doubtleſs thought ſhe could, as ſhe had before done, ſeduce me to her wiſhes. Her rage was therefore unbounded when ſhe found me determined, and equally regardleſs of threats and promiſes; and above all, ſtrictly reſolved to drink nothing but water.

One day, when ſhe particularly preſſed me to renew my former infamous courſe, I haſtily ſnatched up a pair of ſciſſars, and clipped off my hair, ſaying, "There is one of my flattered adornments deſtroyed; and know, that if nothing elſe can ſave me, I will make myſelf a ſpectacle of horror and diſguſt ſooner than I will again ſubmit; but that is not neceſſary. I am a free woman. If your conſcience will permit you to ſwear I am indebted to you, do ſo. I am willing to go to priſon; it will be

heaven to this polluted houſe."—"Then go you ſhall," replied ſhe, with an oath, leaving the apartment; and the next morning was true to her word, for I was arreſted, and thrown into the *Fleet* priſon.

I bore this calamity with thankfulneſs, as it removed me from ſuch a ſcene of guilt. Money or valuables I had none; for the old wretch had ſtopped all; and I muſt have periſhed but for the humanity of my fellow priſoners; the virtuous part of whom, however, treated me diſtantly, when it was known from what houſe I came.

I had been in this place about four months, when one night I again dreamed of my mother, who I thought ſtill looked with great ſeverity, but preſented me with a Bible; and giving it into my hand, vaniſhed. I immediately awoke, and determined to aſk, as ſoon as it ſhould be light, all over the priſon, until I had borrowed a Bible. Accordingly, in the morning I applied to ſeveral of the priſoners before I could procure one, and which I at length obtained from a poor widow, who was confined there for the funeral expences of her huſband.

From the time I left *Inglewood* to the preſent moment, I had never opened the ſacred volume, whoſe doctrine I had learned to contemn, and whoſe precepts I had derided. I now ſeized it with avidity, and ran to my own apartment; where, having ſeated myſelf, I caſually opened it at the fifteenth chapter of St. *Luke*, where theſe words immediately ſtruck me:—"*I will ariſe and go to my father, and will ſay unto him, Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon.*"

For a moment the book dropped from my hand; but ſnatching it up again in a tranſport, I preſſed it to my lips, and vowed, that if it ever was in my power, though I ſhould beg my way home, to obey what I regarded as a ſacred injunction.

About a month after this, as I was reading, one of the unhappy girls who reſided with my wicked creditor called, to inform me that their houſe by ſome neglect had taken fire in the night, and that its vile miſtreſs had been ſo ſeverely burnt that her life was deſpaired of; in conſequence of which ſhe had ſent to entreat the preſence of a ſiſter, with whom, for many years before, ſhe held no

communication, being as reſpectable a character as my creditor was the reverſe.

This relation, however, obeyed the ſummons, as the girl informed me, bidding me hope the beſt, as ſhe was certain I ſhould not long remain a priſoner—a prediction that was verified that very day week; when I was informed that an elderly lady inquired for me, and who, on my attending her, announced herſelf the ſiſter of my creditor. "You are free," ſaid ſhe, viewing me with a look of pity; "I have diſcharged your priſon dues, and you are at liberty to go where you pleaſe. The unhappy woman at whoſe ſuit you were confined is dead, and has left me heir to what ill-gotten wealth ſhe poſſeſſed; but never ſhall my children be enriched by the ſpoils of proſtitution; it ſhall be expended in the relief of thoſe wretched women toward whoſe miſery ſhe has ſo largely contributed. I have heard your unhappy ſtory; and to you, as a proper claimant, I preſent the firſt offering, entreating you to pray that heaven may grant her that mercy ſhe denied to you."

As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe gave me a paper containing twenty guineas, adding, "You are, I hope, fixed in the reſolution that cauſed your removal hither; and ſhould you want a friend, apply to me: you ſhall meet with every aſſiſtance in my power."

I threw myſelf at the feet of this generous woman, thanking her as well as my emotion would permit; and when ſomewhat calmer, recapitulated my intention reſpecting my journey home, and alſo the previous events of my life.

She did not liſten to them unmoved; and when I concluded, replied, "By the common courſe of nature, your father is dead. I, however, applaud your motives. But ſhould you find it as I predict, and circumſtances render home inconvenient, return to me. I am not rich; but can, with the exertion of your own induſtry, ſecure you from want and ſhame."

She ſoon after left me, giving me her addreſs; and this woman, ſo generous, diſintereſted, and humane, was ſimply the wife of a linen-draper, but whoſe humble virtues might have dignified a coronet.

On her departure, after returning my unfeigned thanks

to the power whoſe hand had led me through this affliction, I prepared to depart, calling firſt on the widow of whom I had borrowed the Bible, and inſiſting on ſharing my purſe with her; an offer ſhe would fain have declined; but in which I was ſo peremptory that at length ſhe acquieſced; and I had the pleaſure to ſee her compound the debt with her creditor, and regain her liberty at the ſame time with myſelf. As few objects, in reſpect of raiment, could be more wretched than myſelf, my firſt care was to purchaſe a change of linen, and the gown I wore on my return to *Inglewood*; in which I went to bid a laſt adieu to my benefactreſs, who received me kindly, and would willingly have advanced me more money; but I declined it, aſſuring her I had a ſufficiency to carry me home.

From her I went to procure a place in one of the *Carliſle* coaches; but all were full, and it was two days before any were to ſet off again. Diſappointed at this intelligence, I took a place in one that was on the point of departing for *Grantham*, as that would at leaſt advance me above a hundred miles on my way. The money paid, I entered the vehicle, my whole baggage contained in a pocket handkerchief.

I had but one fellow traveller, a woman, and remained loſt in thought, revolving on the reception I might expect to meet with at *Inglewood*, when a few miles beyond *Barnet* I was alarmed by the cry of "ſtop;" and a moment after a horſeman made up to the carriage, preſented a piſtol, and demanded our money. The moon ſhone bright, and reflected full on the face of the highwayman, whom, to my inexpreſſible terror, I recognized for *Davis*; an involuntary ſcream eſcaped me; but he repeating his demand with execrations, and my companion having given her purſe, I alſo preſented my little all, which he ſnatched from my hand, and gallopped off full ſpeed.

Though deprived of the means by which I meant to reach home, I, however, could not avoid looking back with thankfulneſs to the power who had awakened me to a ſenſe of my errors; and retraced with agony the effects of debauchery and ſin, my heart bleſſing God in ſilent adoration for having ſeparated me from ſo infamous

a companion, and likewiſe that I was unknown to him, as I ſat in a corner of the coach with my face totally concealed by my bonnet.

At length we arrived at *Grantham*, where I had not even the means to procure a breakfaſt; and with a heavy heart leaving the coach, my little bundle in my hand, purſuing my way on foot, I contemplated how my exhauſted frame could ever reach the end of my journey, which was yet a hundred and ſeventy miles. Determined, however, to perſevere, I walked until evening; when being almoſt frozen with cold, I entered a cottage, and entreated aſſiſtance, offering the contents of my bundle for a quarter of the money it had coſt me. The woman of the houſe refuſed my offer; but bidding me draw near ſtirred up the fire, and ſoon placed meat before me, telling me that I was welcome, and that, poor as ſhe was, ſhe would ſooner give than take from me; in ſhort, this good creature kept me all night; and in the morning, before my departure, gave me a ſmall loaf, a piece of bacon, and a ſlice of cheeſe, bidding me farewell in a manner that called forth my warmeſt gratitude.

The weather was uncommonly ſevere; and during the reſt of the journey, which I was a fortnight in performing, I met with no ſimilar inſtance of humanity; ſo that, though I ſold my few trifles, I was almoſt periſhed with hunger, as well as overcome with cold and fatigue. At length I reached the entrance of the Foreſt, and began to retrace the happy haunts of my youth and innocence; but my heart ſunk with conſcious guilt, and I dreaded to ſtand in the preſence of any of my family. My father I repreſented to myſelf as dead, and feared the reproaches of you my brother. I had ate nothing all day, and it was night when I reached the neighbourhood of my nativity; the ſnow too began to fall in ſuch quantities that the face of the earth was covered; and it was with much difficulty, as I paſſed the church, that I could find the ſpot where our family are buried; nor ſhould I but for the old yew tree that diſtinguiſhed it. Concluding that the grave of my mother was not far diſtant, I knelt and prayed aloud, regardleſs of the time, or the weather that had drenched my garments, until I was almoſt unable to riſe. At length the church clock ſtruck ten; and again

entreating the protection and ſupport of heaven in the arduous ſcene I had to undergo, I reſumed my way; but exhauſted with fatigue, and cramped with cold, my limbs refuſed their office, and I fell ſeveral times in my road from the church home.

When I reached the gate, how can I deſcribe my ſenſations! In ſpite of the cold, that had nearly frozen my blood, a genial warmth for a moment ſeemed to revive my heart; and I can truly declare I entered it with more pleaſure than I had abandoned it. But ſoon again my ſpirits forſook me. I contemplated the dire effects of my crimes; and my heart failed. The houſe was all dark and ſilent; nor for worlds could I aſſume the courage to knock. I ſtood trembling with dread and irreſolution, until my wearied limbs would no longer ſupport me; when making a laſt effort, I determined to crawl to the wood-houſe; and there ſaid, "if I die before morning, I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfaction of reſigning my ſpirit near the happy dwelling where I received it."

Thus determined, I reached the ſhed; but there ſoon loſt all remembrance. A heavy ſleepineſs appeared to oppreſs me; but I felt no pain, nor knew anything more until, bleſſed moment! I found myſelf once again in my father's houſe, with an affectionate and merciful brother hanging over me.

O, *William!* may this act of tenderneſs and humanity be rewarded! May thy children be the glory of thy preſent day, and the bleſſing of thy old age! May they never cauſe a frown on thy brow, nor a bluſh on their mother's cheek! May they grow up examples of virtue and innocence, worthy to live, and not afraid to die! May thy unhappy ſiſter be the laſt, as ſhe is the firſt diſgrace to her family! and with her death may both her errors and her ſorrows be forgotten!

O, my beloved brother! I have but little more to add. I feel the hand of death is on me; and my ſhort day of vanity is terminating with a long and gloomy night! O, pray for me, my brother! My ſiſter, pray for me! let your pure ſouls intercede for the wretched *Emma*. Heaven is never deaf to the prayers of the virtuous, and will hearken to you, though its gates of mercy ſhould be ſhut

againſt my petitions. Pray too for the loſt, unhappy, abandoned *Edwin*.

O, my father! I cannot cloſe without imploring a bleſſing on your venerable head. Though it paſſes my polluted lips, Oh! let it be heard at the throne of mercy; and may the tears that you ſhed for your unhappy child be the laſt that ever wet your cheek! May bleſſings multiply around you until the hour you ſhall be called to a happy eternity! But, oh! there, my beloved parent, muſt the wretched *Emma* be for ever ſhut out. Oh, mercy! mercy! Methinks a tremendous voice ſounds in my ears, "Go, thou accurſed!"—Ah! No, my father. You ſaid it was ſinful to deſpair. I will go pray, and endeavour to hope.

Another day do I behold the glorious ſun; another day is given me for repentance. Merciful God! I thank thee. Something whiſpers me that I have but few more remaining. O, that I had profited of the many I have thrown away! Alas! my eyes grow dim, and weakneſs pervades my whole frame. Perhaps it is the laſt time I may be able to hold the pen. If ſo, heaven have mercy on me, and bleſs my dear friends!"

THE

LIFE

OF

KITTY CLARK.

"A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of men."

A SPIRIT of revenge is the moſt dangerous and fatal companion of the human heart: it deforms, it miſguides, it betrays. When ſeeking only to puniſh others, the miſchief recoils on our own head; and in order to give temporary pain to an imagined enemy, we deliver ourſelves up to endleſs remorſe and ſuffering.

Kitty Clark loſt her father, who had a place in the cuſtoms, at a very early age; and her mother marrying a ſecond time, her father's brother, with the conſent of his wife, a plain, good-natured notable woman, offered to take the child off her hands; hoping by that ſtep to gain a grateful relation, in return for attentions to her education and happineſs; as her mother, in her new condition, might neither have the power or inclination to pay her.

Kitty was an exceeding handſome and well-made child. She had a fine voice, a good ear, a paſſion for reading plays, and learning ſcraps of them by heart. Her aunt and uncle were for a time diverted by her little childiſh graces and pleaſantries; but when they began to conſider how unſuitable every thing of that kind was to the good young woman they wiſhed to behold their niece, they gently rebuked her, and inſiſted upon her applying herſelf to very different ſtudies.

Kitty was mortified by this firſt ſtroke of contradiction ſhe had experienced; and having already learned to diſtinguiſh between handſome and ugly, genteel and aukward perſons, was perſuaded in her own mind, that her relations were narrow-minded enough to wiſh to hide her beauty from the public eye, only to render

her ſubſervient to their mean and ungenerous wiſhes. On this principle ſhe determined to ſtore her mind with all the poetical knowledge poſſible. She got herſelf privately taught to ſing by a woman in the neighbourhood, who was miſtreſs of the guitar, and played about the ſtreets, or to little aſſemblies for hire. Nor was ſhe more delighted with her own figure, than ſhe became, in a ſhort time, with her own voice and very capital execution: for the woman had found her ſo apt a ſcholar that ſhe had taken delight in giving her leſſons even beyond what her little pocket-money could pay her for.

A girl at the next houſe, two years older than *Kitty*, but much her junior in knowledge and ſelf-ſufficiency, was her intimate companion. For beſide the real pleaſure ſhe took in her converſation, ſhe was her excuſe on all occaſions of abſence, and the good Mr. and Mrs. *Clark* were incapable of apprehending danger when their niece was only with a play-fellow, almoſt under their own immediate eye.

With ſuch a caſt of temper, and under the influence of ſuch infatuation, it could not be expected that her aunt's judicious advice ſhould have any weight with her, or her uncle's kind perſuaſions gain upon her heart. Whatever they did, whatever they ſaid was miſinterpreted by her, and a ſucceſſion of parental offices obliterated in her eſtimation by a ſingle act of oppoſition, however eſſential that oppoſition might be to her ſafety or welfare: and ſhe anxiouſly looked forward to the period when ſhe could break her chains, and run looſe about the world as her folly or miſtaken notions of happineſs might direct her.

Artifice ſeemed to be born with her, for ſhe practiſed it with ſkill; and deceit ſat as eaſy on her as if ſhe had been trained to it from her cradle: ſo that as her petulancies were ſubdued, and her outward behaviour conformable to the well-known wiſhes of thoſe to whom ſhe owed obedience, they forgot ſhe ever had been untoward, or betrayed the ſmalleſt propenſity to unwarrantable gaiety.

Fifteen was the age at which she resolved to start for herself: but three months before she attained that eminence of wisdom and self-direction, her uncle, having detected her in a falsehood, so severely reprimanded her, that she thought proper to elope in order to be revenged on him, let the attendant misery to herself be what it would. Accordingly, with a total disregard of what might be the consequence, and destitute of money and money's-worth, she forsook a roof that had afforded her the most tender shelter, and wandered into Hyde-park, unknowing what she wished, or how she should dispose of herself.

The day was fine. From the Park she went into Kensington-gardens; and having walked till she was weary, sat herself down in one of the alcoves, where she was soon observed by an old fellow who professionally frequented public places, for the *honourable* purpose of providing delicacies for his masters.—In a word, he was a celebrated pimp.

Miss *Clark* cast a look at him; and not being much taken with either his address or appearance, for he began a discourse on the weather and the beauties of the garden, she was sullenly silent for some time; and when she did speak, only desired he would treat her with a little more ceremony, as they were total strangers to each other.

Mr. *Stubbs* (for that was this *respectable* gentleman's name) looked around, and perceiving no one belonging to her, was encouraged to sit down and endeavour to recommend himself.

"What offence, my pretty young lady," said he, "can I have given you? You are alone, and if I do not offer my attendance, some other gentleman will, and perhaps mean you much worse than anything you have to apprehend from me. I admire you inconceivably. Your dress bespeaks you above the common rank, and if you would deign to smile upon me——"

"To what end, sir? I know you not, nor can I ever desire to be acquainted with you, and therefore you

will oblige me by quitting the alcove, and leaving me to my meditations."

"Meditations! that face, if it has a correſpondent heart, was not made for ſerioufneſs and reflection to prey on its features; and if you would but liſten to me——"

"Sir!"

"I could lead you to ſcenes better ſuited to your age, and I dare believe your taſte, than this ſolitude."

"And pray who are you, ſir?"

"A gentleman of noble connexions—lords and dukes, though you are pleaſed to look upon me with diſdain. Condeſcend to viſit my habitation, and I will introduce you."

"Me!—Introduce me! As what?"

"The loveliеſt of creatures. Can you be ſo inſenſible of your own charms as to be unprepared for the effect they muſt have on the beholder's heart? I wiſh a certain young man of faſhion of my particular acquaintance was to paſs by at this moment: I think what you refuſe to me would be granted to him."

Miſs *Clark* ſecretly rejoiced at this incident. "Now," whiſpered ſhe, mentally, "now my adventures are beginning, and we ſhall ſee whether my talents and figure will not lift me into life."

"Favourable be your cogitations," ſaid the wicked pander, "to my wiſhes! If ſplendor and elegance delight a youthful heart; if the fineſt figure in the world can attract; the moſt magnificent entertainments pleaſe; or the warmeſt adoration engage; I am ſure you will conſent to bleſs and be bleſſed."

"And where," ſaid ſhe, half out of breath with joy and doubtful hope, "where are theſe great acquiſitions to be met with?"

"Submit yourſelf only to my guidance, and one hour ſhall put you in poſſeſſion of all I have deſcribed."

"How will you convey me from hence, for I have already walked till I am weary?"

"A hackney coach"——

"Well, but hold; I have one condition to inſiſt

upon—and that is, if I am not ſatisfied with what you may call a performance of your promiſe, you ſhall not conſtrain me to approve it."

"Agreed. Your choice ſhall be free, and I will be, as now, entirely at your devotion."

So ſaying he took her hand, and amidſt winks and nods, for his character was notorious, conducted her to the Park-gate, from whence he called a coach, and only ventured to congratulate himſelf when the door was ſhut ſafe upon them, and he began to move off with his prey.

Miſs *Kitty Clark* was now fourteen years and nine months old—remarkably tall of her age, pert in her addreſs, ſmart in her replies, beautiful to an extravagance. *Stubbs*, who knew the value of his prize, ordered to be driven into the neighbourhood of *St. James's*, where he had a never-failing cuſtomer.

My lord was at home, and being ſent for into an anti-chamber, haſtily acceded to the demanded terms; and diſengaging himſelf from a ſet of friends he was to have attended to *Ranelagh*, impatiently flew to the parlour to receive his little angel. She aroſe when he entered. Her extreme youth gave him a conſcientious pang; but finding ſhe was a voluntary victim, and that his fortune enabled him to make the deſired exchange —baubles for virtue—he made her a preſent of twice what ſhe aſked, and exulted beyond meaſure at the cheapneſs of the purchaſe.

Never was pander in higher reputation than *Stubbs* on this occaſion. She danced, ſhe ſung, ſhe had every theatrical requiſite, humour, memory, and feeling. Theſe accompliſhments, which were above all price, by being unknown to *Stubbs*, had been ſo moderately rated, that, by way of encouragement, he had a purſe of guineas given him by his lordſhip, and ten thouſand thanks into the bargain.

Kitty Clark, as ſhe had conquered fear, ſo ſhe had moſt effectually conquered ſhame; but diſliking her family-name, becauſe a monoſyllable, and her chriſtian name, becauſe it was vulgar, ſhe thought proper to

call herſelf *Caroline Mackenzie.*—Miſs *Caroline*'s life was now one continued ſcene of revelry and debauchery. The moſt licentious ballads were new ſet for her amuſement; books of the moſt diſſolute kind procured for her peruſal; and company and converſation of a ſimilar caſt her taſte and delight.

Her uncle and aunt were ſhocked by her abrupt departure, and never gave over their ſearch until they diſcovered how ſhe had beſtowed herſelf. Her bold and daring behaviour made them ſhudder and retreat; for, in return for their kind and moral admonitions, they received coarſe ribaldry and inſulting jeſts, and they gave her up to her own wickedneſs for puniſhment.

His lordſhip had maſters of every kind to cultivate her natural talents, and her improvements were equal to his fondeſt hopes and wiſhes; but however he flattered himſelf that he was maſter of her heart, his power began and ended with the poſſeſſion of her perſon.

Under his lordſhip's roof ſhe might and ought to have led the life of a veſtal, with reſpect to other men; for, as there is honour among thieves, ſo a kept woman is deemed the excluſive property of her keeper, and is bound to be true to him; but her turn for levity was ſuch, that ſhe rather invited than forbade any approaches to be made to her, though ſhe had every reaſon to expect that diſmiſſion would be the immediate conſequence of detection. She was not, indeed, a little ſurpriſed at the conduct of the gentlemen who viſited her lord; for though they approached her with gaiety, it was always attended with a chilling reſpect, and they either did not, or affected not to underſtand the advances ſhe was bold enough to make ſome of them, who happened to be her particular favourites. However, ſhe was not eaſily to be diſcouraged.

A young enſign, whoſe commiſſion had been preſented him by his lordſhip, and on whoſe intereſt all his future promotions depended, being, to her knowledge, on guard, ſhe ſallied forth, under pretence of going into the City, and went inſtantly to the Park, for the purpoſe of throwing herſelf in his way.

Mr. *Cornſby* was walking with ſome of his brother-officers, when his eye was ſtruck by the ſudden appearance of Miſs *Caroline*, alone and unattended. He bowed very low as he paſſed her; and happening, from ſurpriſe and curioſity, to turn his head round to look after her, obſerved a ſmile and half-nod that ſufficiently informed him ſhe would not be mortally offended if he had the courage to follow her.

The temptation was too powerful for his young heart to reſiſt. He diſengaged himſelf from his companions, and with the ardour of a lover purſued, and ſoon overtook her. Their converſation was ſuch as might be expected from their views and circumſtances. The lady was all condeſcenſion, the gentleman all ecſtaſy and adoration: and, forgetting what he owed to his own character and ſafety, as well as his generous patron, (for ſo my lord had proved to him) he conducted the fair one to a houſe of polite rendezvous, and fell a victim to her arts.

When reflection took place, he was aſhamed of the part he had acted. My lord had repeatedly made him the confidante of his very tender attachment to Miſs *Caroline*; and though what had happened could not properly be called diſhonouring his bed, it was diſhonouring his choice, and wounding his peace in a very high degree, if it ſhould ever come to his knowledge. How ſhould he be able to ſupport his own conſciouſneſs, he ſaid, when loaded with farther benefits by the man whoſe good opinion of him he had ſo groſsly abuſed, or prevent the quick eye of jealouſy from reading the defection of the friend, and the baſe ingratitude of the obliged favourite? There was no avoiding the rencontre, however; and luckily meeting with Miſs *Caroline*, previous to his lordſhip's appearance, ſhe rallied and rouſed him into ſelf-applauſe and ſelf-complacency.

This private commerce between Miſs *Caroline* and the enſign had not continued more than three months before variety began again to have charms for her. A cadet, under his lordſhip's protection, was the next object of her daring election; and as the ſhorter way

of coming to an *ecclairciſſement*, ſhe wrote him a *billet-doux*, which at the ſame time beſpoke her wit and her wſhes.

The cadet admired the lady, but was fearful of the conſequences. He was the ſixth ſon his father had living, and he knew the whole family looked up to this honourable patronage of the eldeſt as an opening for the others, in the due courſe of things, to favour and recommendation.

He pondered the billet over in his mind; thought it cowardly to decline, but madneſs to accept the overture; but not being able to determine to his own ſatisfaction, he reſolved to take Mr. *Cornſby*'s opinion, who was, according to his idea, no leſs wiſer than older than himſelf. Mr. *Cornſby* was thunder-ſtruck at the temerity and inconſtancy of the woman he had ſo recently adored, who, he had vainly imagined (after the example of his ſex) had ſeen graces in him above all the reſt of the world; and that they alone had induced her, at all hazards, to ſeek a connexion with him.

"It is ſo delicate a point," ſaid he, "as you and I are ſituated, that I cannot take upon me to adviſe you. The poet tells us, 'There is no fury like a woman ſcorn'd;' ſo that there may be equal if not greater danger in diſappointing as in attending her. His lordſhip is ſo blended by his partiality, that he can ſee no faults in a creature that abuſes his credulity, ſquanders his fortune, and forms deſigns on every young fellow that is caſt in her way.

"Good mothers repreſent us to their daughters as their moſt formidable enemies; but their ſons alſo would have ſome ſhare in their maternal apprehenſions, if they were not incapable, by their ignorance of the vicious part of their own ſex, of conceiving the miſchiefs a wicked female can bring on the heads of unwary and irreſolute youth. Such women there are, and ſuch their depravity, that they are not leſs the diſgrace of their own ſex than they are the bane of the other. I have very particular reaſons for being thus ſerious. I ſhudder at my own eſcape, and wiſh you may ſo

conduct yourself as neither to forfeit your friend nor your own private esteem."

Young *Mason* was convinced there was something more in *Cornsby*'s words than was obvious to his comprehension; and, for fear of consequences, resolved to act honourably, that he might act safely. He therefore waited upon his lordship the next day, without betraying any embarrassment, or seeming consciousness of neglect to any one, to take leave of him, being obliged, as he said, to set off for *Derbyshire*, within half an hour, to visit an uncle who was supposed to be dying.

Miss *Caroline* changed colour, and surveyed him attentively, in order, if possible, to discover if her note had reached him. He paid his respects in the politest terms to his lordship, turned to the lady, bowed very low, and hurried away; horses, as he said, being ready for him at the corner of the square.

The truth was, that out of regard for the interest of his family, he had consulted with his father on the occasion, who was so terrified at the danger of offending the greatest friend he had on earth, that he devised the *Derbyshire* journey, where he had a brother confined at the time with a gouty attack; a circumstance which gave sufficient colour to his report, and obviated every threatening evil.

My lord made very kind and liberal mention of the young cadet on his departure. He deserved, he said, and should not want his support to obtain the first military honours.

Miss *Caroline* put up her lip in contempt. She saw nothing extraordinary in the boy, except it was a remarkable sheepishness for his age, and a want of polish. Mr. *Cornsby*, who was present, and applauded the young man's superior wisdom and resolution to his own, was not at a loss to place this poor spite to due account, and all blew over very satisfactorily.

Miss *Caroline* having thus failed in a favourite attempt, by way of filling up her hours, was for renewing her intimacy with *Cornsby*. He perceived her de-

ſign; and as ſelf-ſecurity was the card he determined to adhere to, after various deliberations how to avoid her toils, it came into his head to write to *Maſon*, and beg him to intruſt him with the lady's amorous *billet-doux*, and permit him to give her to underſtand that chance had made him maſter of it, inſtead of the happy man for whom it was intended. And as it was well known that there was an intimacy between them, much more unlikely things had often happened than that *Cornſby* ſhould call at *Maſon*'s lodgings in his abſence, and ſeeing the note, and being ſtruck with the hand-writing, convey it away before it had reached his friend. Mr. *Maſon* very readily acquieſced with this requeſt, as it would account to miſs *Caroline* for his behaviour, and ſerve a young fellow whom he wiſhed exceedingly well too into the bargain.

Thus prepared, Mr. *Cornſby* held himſelf at a very uncommon diſtance from the lady. Her eyes loſt their ſoftneſs when turned toward him, her complection was heightened, her voice was changed, and, in a word, every token was viſible of a riſing ſtorm. Mr. *Cornſby* was unmoved; but, leſt it ſhould operate privately to his diſadvantage, inſtead of falling, as he wiſhed, upon his head, he at length ſought an opportunity of explaining himſelf.

Miſs *Caroline* reproached him with ingratitude. She had diſtinguiſhed him, ſhe ſaid, from all his ſex, had deſcended from her dignity, and hazarded her lord's favour for his gratification; and now the only return ſhe met with was cold reſerve and inſolent neglect.

Mr. *Cornſby*, affecting ſome confuſion, replied, that her charge againſt him was not without foundation: that her condeſcenſion had made him the happieſt, the vaineſt of men till he diſcovered——

"What? Diſcovered what?" demanded the lady with impatience.

That he had a rival in her affections.

She laughed aloud. He was a pleaſant, and a very modeſt fellow to think of engroſſing ſuch a woman as ſhe was to himſelf. She really ſhould have thought it

ſufficient honour to admit him into partnerſhip; her attachment to my lord was before ſhe knew him.

"O, madam, this is either a real or a wilful miſtake.—You had ſatisfied me where his lordſhip was in queſtion, that I had no rival to fear:---his fortune, not perſon, being your object."

"Audacious!---What bold inſinuation then did you intend by telling me what you did this inſtant?"

"Mr. *Maſon*, madam, is a handſome youth, and you are a lady of taſte. Your eyes and your pen ſpeak a moſt intelligent language."

"*Cornſby*, don't be a fool. I indeed once had an idea of trying how the demure wretch could be animated:---but it was frolic, whim---and had he availed himſelf——"

"It was his misfortune, madam, I confeſs it, for I cannot be inſenſible of your charms, that I intercepted the ſoft invitation you was pleaſed to ſend him; and his going inſtantaneouſly into the country, prevented my ſhewing the reſentment I otherwiſe ſhould have done."

"You reſent!---You!---A creature dependant wholly on the breath (for fame and fortune) of the lord I hold in chains of adamant. But your preſumption ariſes from your being poſſeſſed of a forged teſtimony againſt me. Your artifice, however, is as ſhallow as your malice is contemptible.---Give the paper to his lordſhip---try your ſtrength with mine over his paſſions.---Where are your proofs I wrote or ſent it? nay, that you found it?---Come, come, be wiſe, and provoke not your fate. I hold not my power by ſo ſlender a twig as you may imagine---and if the inclination no longer exiſts of ſerving me in your own perſon, give colonel *Fabian* a hint that his devoirs will not be unacceptable, and I will forgive you.---His lordſhip was talking this morning about getting you appointed to a cornetcy of horſe, the commanding officer of which corps is wholly at his devotion. You know the terms on which you can retain my friendſhip. Be wiſe, and proſper."

So ſaying ſhe rang the bell; and my lord's valet preſenting himſelf, ſhe bade him open the door for the young

gentleman, politely wiſhed him a good morning, and told him he might depend upon her doing her beſt in his favour.

Cornſby was ſo ſtruck, as the poet has it, with the deliberation of her impudence, that he had walked the whole length of the ſquare before he could collect himſelf. He trembled at the danger his folly had incurred; and, for more than three ſucceeding hours, abhorred the ſight of a petticoat.

Having got the better of his ſpleen and terrors, he inſtantly ſet about executing the lady's commiſſion.

Colonel *Fabian* was a man of enterpriſe. His reſpect for my lord, he ſaid, and knowledge of his tenderneſs for miſs *Caroline*, had cauſed him to ſet a ſtrict guard over his words and actions, when ſhe was of the party; ſo that he was not ſurpriſed an indifferent perſon ſhould obſerve what he never ſought for---her favourable glances; but thus awakened, ſhe ſhould have no reaſon to repent of her election.

Miſs *Caroline*, who had her private purpoſes to promote, was no ſooner convinced that *Cornſby* had been faithful to the truſt repoſed in him, than ſhe forwarded his intereſt ſo effectually with his lordſhip, that, from an enſigncy of foot, he was advanced to a lieutenancy of horſe, the cornetcy being purchaſed for the youngeſt ſon of a peer, whoſe purſe was the only channel of proviſion for his children, from his anti-miniſterial principles. The lady was the firſt to wiſh him joy, and carried it with great dignity, when unobſerved, and with goodnatured familiarity toward him when under his lordſhip's eye, till ſhe had the pleaſure to find him obliged to bid adieu to his patron, in order to join his regiment.

Colonel *Fabian* made her ample amends for the loſs of *Cornſby*'s devoirs; for as ſhe was a beautiful creature, he had none of the nice ſcruples his lordſhip's young dependants had been actuated by, where both their own intereſt and their patron's ſatisfaction were concerned; and they actually revelled in licentiouſneſs.

But as women of miſs *Caroline*'s principles and com-

plection were never eminent for conſtancy in their attachments, the colonel by degrees perceived that he was not her only favourite. He upbraided her; told her, ſhe ſhowed all the infernal in her reſentment, and vowed he would no longer be ſubſervient to the purpoſes of a wanton, who knew no diſtinction in her amours, but, rather than not gratify her rage for variety, would ſuffer the man of faſhion to be ſuperſeded by the footman.

She ſcorned him, and dared his utmoſt malice to prejudice her in her lord's opinion. And the colonel being well appriſed of the mind he had to deal with, thought it beſt to let her gallant be duped, than run himſelf into unneceſſary danger and inconvenience.

This connection diſſolved, miſs *Caroline* enlarged her plan, and three lovers were the ſmalleſt number ſhe thenceforward had in her train.

Still his lordſhip, when a glaſs beyond his cuſtom unlocked his lips, would evermore celebrate his *Caroline*'s faith and truth; and ſurrounded by a little army of her paramours, be for challenging the world to produce ſuch a mirror of tenderneſs and gratitude. My lord's rank, fortune, and family enabling him to ſerve all whom he thought worthy of his favour, the ridicule of his weakneſs, and folly of his character, was confined to the circle of thoſe friends who had accepted the lady's overtures, from various motives, without any ſecret diſreſpect or enmity to my lord.

Miſs *Caroline*'s good ſenſe would ſometimes occaſion her a ſort of pang when ſhe reflected that the utmoſt honour ſhe could arrive at was that of a proſtitute. But then her natural boldneſs would come in aid, and lift her above every ſuch paltry conſideration, and drive her on to new, and ſtill more glaring turpitude.

Having attained this point of vicious eminence, ſhe was a little alarmed one morning about five o'clock, on being told that my lord, having accepted a challenge to drink burnt champagne, was brought home ſo ill that his life was deſpaired of. She inſtantly aroſe, and with ſtreaming eyes and diſhevelled hair ruſhed into his apartment.

He lifted up his languid head. "My poor *Car*," ſaid he, "all our happineſs is at an end; but I have taken care you ſhall never repent making me the ſacrifice you have done, and may you live long and——" Here his voice failed him, his ſevere pains returned, and he went off in little more than three quarters of an hour.

On opening the will, it appeared that miſs *Caroline* was entitled to four thouſand pounds, the houſe they lived in, plate, furniture, carriages and horſes. She heaved a few hypocritical ſighs, and panted to ſtart her own miſtreſs.

So ſoon as my lord was buried, her houſe became, as ſhe intended it ſhould, the ſeat of polite rendezvous: a ſucceſſion of coronets crowded her door, and ſhe took every method to make herſelf infamouſly conſpicuous. But ſhe was not to continue unchecked in her career.

Having made an aſſignation, in the wantonneſs of her heart, with two young men of faſhion at the ſame inſtant of time, they met and contended for the precedency. She fanned the fire with every art ſhe was miſtreſs of; conceiving it to be the glory of the ſex to have battles fought on their account. Wrought up to a degree of temporary frenzy againſt each other, they were determined to ſtake their exiſtence on a fortunate paſs, for a woman that, in a cooler moment, they would moſt heartily deſpiſe. They meaſured ſwords; the vanquiſher claimed to be, and was the happy man, and the vanquiſhed was committed to the care of an eminent ſurgeon; who, having examined the wound, which was deemed dangerous, and the patient falling into fainting fits from loſs of blood, it was judged neceſſary to have the lady ſecured as well as the gentleman: and the magiſtrate refuſing to accept of bail, they were ſoon lodged in different priſons.

This change of ſcene mortified her not a little, and ſhe vowed vengeance on all mankind for the indignity ſhe had ſuſtained. Moderating her rage, however, by degrees, ſhe converted the gaol into a genteel brothel. Even gentlemen of the long robe did not refuſe to mix

in her train. And when the ſurgeon's favourable depoſition procured her her enlargement, ſhe gaily obſerved, that no woman, beſide herſelf, had ever ſhown the ſpirit ſhe had done in ſo gloomy a ſituation.

She now ſet off more violently than before; was a diſgrace to her ſex and to human nature; till, by the dint of exceſſes, ſhe impaired her conſtitution, and loſt thoſe charms by which ſo many had been enſlaved. She had then recourſe to art, and her cheek glowed with all the bloom of *Circaſſia*. But theſe borrowed graces did not avail her, and the faſhion of viſiting her began to be in the wane: for ſuch was and is the faſcination of this country, that vice and virtue riſe and fall in their value according to the rage or declenſion of the public taſte, and ſtrumpets themſelves loſe their celebrity when leading libertines deſiſt their viſits.

Miſs *Caroline*'s purſe ſoon made her ſenſible of her abated power. She, therefore, turned her thoughts toward a ſecond generous keeper; but did not ſo ſpeedily ſucceed as might have been expected from thoſe ſuccedaneums of beauty, a ſyren's pipe, and a ſerpent's cunning.

A baronet, who was juſt come to his title and fortune, and was coxcomb enough to imagine a miſtreſs as neceſſary an appendage of his dignity as a ſuperb equipage, made his overtures, and was joyfully accepted. With him ſhe went abroad, was unfaithful to him whenever ſhe met with a man ſhe liked better than himſelf, yet contrived by crocodile's tears and theatrical pathos to wind herſelf ſo forcibly round his heart, that he could rave, ſtorm, threaten, and do every thing but put her away, until his finances gave him a friendly hint; and ſhe coming to the knowledge thereof, decamped one evening when he thought ſhe was gone to the opera, and entered into a new engagement.

At *Paris* a phenomenon had, juſt at this period, made its appearance. A *Frenchman* of quality was ſo in love with his wife as to be proof againſt every amorous attack the belles were incited to make upon him. Miſs *Caroline* marked him down for her prey.—"It would

be glorious!" ſaid ſhe, "to make ſuch a puppy ridiculous, and lower the pride of matrimonial ſecurity." To this end ſhe frequented every maſquerade that was announced, varied her ſhape a thouſand ways, was now a ſultana, now a nun; now an *Arcadian* nymph, and now a terreſtrial goddeſs. The nobleman reſiſted her wiles, though ſhe had ſo far gained upon him as to get herſelf once or twice taken notice of, and ſhe did not deſpair of becoming victorious. Her literary talents were aſtoniſhing, and under a feigned character ſhe got him to correſpond with her. One witty retort drew on another, until he confeſſed himſelf diſinclined to retreat. Having brought him this length, ſhe made it the condition of continuing their literary intercourſe, that he ſhould ſpend one evening with her.

The nobleman could not fear himſelf, nor did he fear her. It was curioſity, frolic, that led him aſtray, and he perſuaded himſelf he could return at will. By this time ſhe had learned a leſſon known to few, that beauty, when unadorned, is adorned the moſt. She therefore artfully broke upon his ſight in an elegant diſhabille. Her complexion was rather aſſiſted than heightened by the judgment with which ſhe had diſpoſed the rouge, and he thought he had never ſeen a more beautiful woman in his life.

She perceived the favourable impreſſion he had imbibed of her figure and appearance, and called in all the graces of language and powers of muſic to confirm her conqueſt. He was amazed, enamoured, enraptured, captivated; and totally forgot thoſe pleaſures which innocence and conjugal amity had afforded, and which he had believed were the higheſt in exiſtence.

His home, when he viſited it, had loſt its charms. The enchantment ſeemed diſſolved, and no one object appeared the ſame. The tender concern his lady expreſſed for his abſence was impertinence, her careſſes teaſing, and he lived only for his beloved ſignora. *Caroline*'s wanton pride continuing, ſhe could not be content with having broke down all the reſolution, and deſtroyed all the domeſtic happineſs of this faſcinated man: the

public muſt know it, and the public prints announce it. In conſequence of this cruel vanity, ſhe drew the nobleman into a duel, in which having the misfortune to kill his antagoniſt, he was ſeiſed and committed to the *Baſtile*; but by his wife's intereſt at court, he was indulged with perpetual impriſonment, inſtead of the ſeverer puniſhment for which that country is eminent on all occaſions of murder; for it was proved, that very foul play had been uſed againſt his antagoniſt, whoſe family, by this fatal accident, were deprived of a repreſentative; he being the laſt remaining male heir of their antient houſe, the title and dignity of which became extinct in his perſon.

This laſt ſtroke of *Caroline*'s was deciſive, and *France* was no longer a place of ſafety for her. She therefore fled juſt in time to reach the packet; and diſembarking at *Dover*, made the beſt of her way to *London*, in order to confound herſelf with the multitude.

The affair was univerſally promulgated; and as this was the ſecond thing of the kind ſhe had been engaged in, every one ſhunned her as they would a fiend of darkneſs.

She lived away, ſeemingly regardleſs and fearleſs of future proviſion, ſo long as ſhe had either money or valuables left, and then became a nightly wanderer, but with very indifferent ſucceſs. Her perſonal attractions were over: nor would a ſtranger have been eaſily perſuaded that ſo clumſy a form had ever been diſtinguiſhed by the graces of elegance. She made an attempt to get upon the ſtage; but her voice was gone, and her figure could not be rendered tolerable. Thus plunged in the loweſt and moſt abject ſcenes of debauchery and licentiouſneſs, ſhe grew from bad to worſe, until the downright want of a morſel of bread drove her to the *Magdalen-houſe*, where ſhe ſpent ſix months in an affected penitence; at the end of which time it was diſcovered, that ſhe was exerting all her pernicious eloquence to engage ſuch a number of girls to follow her lead, as might enable her to ſtart in the new character of a procureſs. She was therefore turned out with

every mark of contempt; and being unable to fall into the way of trading ſhe intended (as no one was inclined to aſſiſt her ſchemes where her talents were unknown; and thoſe who did know them, avoided her for her ſanguine and infernal ſpirit), after paſſing through a variety of ſcenes of infamy and wretchedneſs, ſhe was brought to ſuch extremities as to be found in a garret, covered with vermin and every thing that is moſt offenſive in nature, and on the point of ſtarving. To the workhouſe ſhe was ſent by the ſpectators of the ſhocking ſcene, where ſhe behaved ſo ill that they would ſcarcely harbour her, though in a dying condition.

The nurſe, who was a humane woman, entreated her to conſider what it was to be ſuſpended between time and eternity, in the critical manner ſhe then was; and that though ſhe might linger for a week or ſo, it was not poſſible for medicine to reſtore her. She returned only abuſive language to this generous and gentle admonition, and, in fine, ſhocked all the people that approached her.

The night before ſhe died, ſhe caſt her eyes wildly around. "If there is an honeſt wretch in the place," ſaid ſhe, "I would beſeech a prayer.—Pray," ſaid ſhe, to an old woman who ventured, from motives of chriſtian charity, to approach her, "pray that my heart may be ſoftened, and my preſent ſufferings be my only chaſtiſement."—Yet, notwithſtanding this ray of contrition, as ſhe ſtruggled farther with her diſtemper, imperfect curſes were heard to fall from her lips, and ſhe died in all the horrors of deſpair. Her features and body were ſo diſtorted as to be hardly human. A ſhell was inſtantly brought; and this once-beautiful and adored woman was hurried into a ſhapeleſs hole among others as friendleſs, though in no degree ſo criminal as herſelf; and every trace of her, but what was a reproach to her memory, periſhed with her.---O vice! are theſe thy triumphs? O wickedneſs! is this thy reward?

FINIS.

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